SESUTO AND SECHWANA PRAISES.

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If we allow a wider meaning to literature, and make the term cover all art-forms of the spoken language, we at once obtain a whole range of such. Open, for example, Carl Meinhof's volume on the poetry of the African at the title-page, and you will find the fairy tale, myth, saga, epic, hymns and embryo drama, proverb and riddle and song, enumerated as examples of what I mean. If these examples fall mostly below the literary level, in the way of bulk, of our European poets and dramatists, the same can by no means be said (in the matter of finish) in the case of many of the royal praises, delivered at dawn from the edge of the acropolis rock of some chief in his praiser's stentor voice, and re-echoed among the boulders which strew the stad or *astu*. I had never realised the full meaning of the Greek city state, with its central town and citadel, and but scattered villages beside, through wide territory, till I saw the stads of the chieftains Sebele and Lenchwe in Bechwanaland. The acropolis of the latter is an enormous pile of rocks, like Pelion on Ossa, approached by a most narrow winding path, tangled with bush.

To turn back from such chiefs to their bardic literature (if I have successfully made good its claim to the term), of which they are in their kind, like Alcinous of old, the patrons, let me illustrate the *lithoko* (or praises), which to my mind have something of the heroic type of Homer's epic. To test this statement one needs, of course, to have an appreciation of them in the original : let me give first an attempt to render the spirit of them in English verse, and I will choose the famous story of Lethole, the material for which was gathered by my old friend the Resident Commissioner of Bechwanaland in the days when he was still in Basutoland. Lethole, chief of the Makhoakhoa in Basutoland (early nineteenth century), had hired Zulus to help him attack the brother of the famous chieftainess Mantatise. He refused them their share of the spoil, but they caught him later and sentenced him to death. He begged them first to let him sing his own praises for the last time, and they stood listening.

Spellbound stood his foes
Listening to the death-marked warrior :
Off, off he goes,

Like an arrow from the bow-string,
Shoots amid the throng,
As they stand aghast a moment,
Then raise a song :

They a song far other-sounding,
Snarl of cheated beast :
Start the men, and dart the heavy
Spears, seeking feast.

Fast they fly, but he flies faster
Over field and fell,
Yet one fleeter than the others,
With dart so fell,

Reaches him, all but outracing
That tremendous shot :
Reaches and his back transpierces :
Blood outbursts hot :

Down it streams, but he pants onward,
Coughing out red spume,
Recking not his ebbing vigour,
Counts but the room

That he sets between the bloodhounds
And his flying feet :
Once he turns—far off they follow,
Less fleet . . . less fleet . . .

So he staggers down the burn-bank
To the water's edge,
Shelter'd from those grim pursuers,
Hid in the sedge.

For a moment he emerges
On the opposing bank :
Once again his strength he urges—
Slow, slow he sank,

Pouring out his latest blood-stream
As the warriors came,
Singing with last breath the praises
Of his doughty name.

(*Southern Cross*, May 1915.)

No. 1. Lethole's song was kindly supplied to me by Mr. J. C. Macgregor, C.M.G., Resident Commissioner of Bechwanaland, when A.C. of Leribe. It runs as follows :—

Lethole le thunyang,	L. the *Dust* (archaic for *Lerole*),
Le thunyang khomong tsa batho,	which shoots up among people's cattle,
La re ho thunya, la apesa pelesa.	when it shoots up, it covers the beasts.
Hlabeli, tlola Rakhabane a bone ;	H. (*i.e.* L.) leap, that R. may see,
A bone, ha ho qhalangwa menaila.	may see when the vanguard have been dispersed.
Khwahlan'a maroba	A strong man of the maroba (L.'s circumcision mates).
Mokhaloli-qenatsan'a maroba,	M. (a bird white and black) [tail ;
Mokhaloli ba o hlobile sesela,	you singing bird, they pulled off your
O ts'o tjekela o le feela.	you sing without it (*i.e.* have no pride).
Hlabeli tswetse ea se itja mohlana.	H. as a cow just calved ate the after-birth.
Bashanyana ba llela sekaqa.	the boys cried for a lump of it,
Ha lla Posho le Lenyolosa.	there cried P. and L.
Mohlankana oa qhoba nku ka letolo, Hlabeli,	the young lad H. drives sheep by the lightning,
Khomo e tshwana ea ngwan'a Lechesa	the black cow of Lechesa's child
E tsamaile ea sehlaka matsika	went and beat the M. (*i.e.* Maroba ?)
Mor'a Lechesa kolobe li ea jana,	Son of L. the pigs eat each other.
Kolobe li ea jana Bolaoaneng,	They eat each other at B.,
Ka mona ka ha likubu matshaneng.	Here in these little lakes in the hippos' place.
Lefuma (-o ?) le kwana haMahemane,	Poverty (? wealth) is at M.'s :
Ha rwesa mekoli khomo e tehehali ;	Bunches of beads are tied on a cow (? a maiden).
Thokwana ea rwala shwahla mola-leng.	The fawn-coloured cow had plenty (of beads) on her neck.

To end the Sesuto part of my paper, I give No. 2, an ordinary improvisation of a South Mosuto boy praising himself (Mogapunyana of Vereeniging, son of Masopha, a Motloung of Basutoland) :

I am the brindled one of Ramatsikitlinyane,
The child of the wife of Khwali :
Take the ox's horn, and pluck it earthward,
Let the lads run with it.
They said : " The black kine are not lean,
But in summer they trouble us ever."
I picked the bat off the willow tree,
I trod in a slippery place and slid :
I came forth carrying the men's shields in a pile :

I slaughtered the lamb, and divided it among the elders.
But the lamb choked one of the aged ones. . . .
Then he took the dipper to the stream,
That he might drink and swallow.
(Contributed by Legabo of Cape Town.)

The original is as follows :

Ke nna Thamanyane ea Ramatsikitlinyane (*i.e.* leopard)
ngwana wa mosali wa Kgwali :
nka lenaka o le kgolele fatshe,
bashemane ba le nke motiitii.
Ba itse " Tse ts'wana ha li ote
empa lehlabula li hlole li re khathatsa."
Ka thwalla maborokoane fateng sa Moluane,
ka hata lereli ka thella :
ka tswa ke sikere lithebe tsa banna sekwankwetla :
ka hlaba konyana, ka ea ka e abela maqheku :
eaba konyana e khama leqheku ;
eaba le kakalatsa liho ho ea nokeng,
ho ea theosetsa nama.

No. 3. A seTaung piece :

Lesa, buabua lechabana :	L., tell a varied tale :
Mosali o lebetse Lekete RaMpioane,	the woman hath forgot Lekete, the father of Mpioane,
O lolobetse a ea tlung.	She goes straight to the house :
A ba a tsoha ka meso a le hleka.	but she rose early and bright (pure).
Lesa, u hlomme thebe thoteng :	L., you have planted the shield on the hill :
Bashanyana, le se ke la e ts'oara,	Lads, touch it not,
Ke thebe ea molisana Selemo.	it is the shield of Spring the herdboy.
Lelothoane, mphahle, ke ee holimo,	Salvifolia, let me brush past thee and go up
Ke ee bona likhomo tsa mokan'a me.	to see the cattle of my mate.
Ka kena kahare, ka otla lekaba	I entered within, I smote the ox (to be slaughtered at his marriage)
Le maoto a meleka.	with a crooked shin.
Se ntshoere, Phakoe-e-tshoenyana	It seized me, little white hawk
Ea selemong ha Motsetse.	at the precipice (of the Viervoet) at M.'s place. (M. was headman of the village at Orange Springs, near Modderpoort, O.F.S., and grandfather of Enea, now dead, who supplied the piece).
Nonyana ena, ho thoe'ng, ke Ra-Potieti ?	Why is this bird named R. ?
Ke re, ke e romme mollo ka morung :	Then I sent it for fire to the forest.
E ne e fihla e qhonokha molomonyana.	It was pursing up its sulky little mouth.

Though these are not a chief's praises, I insert them as another example of the poetic effort which is constantly being put forward by native bards, professional and otherwise.

I will now pass to the praises of the Bakgatla chiefs, and begin with those of Kgamanyane, the father of Lencwe, and those of his father and grandfather. This was that Kgamanyane who was sjamboked before his people by Herklas Malan, the veld-kornet of Rustenburg, as related to me by the widow of the chief, daughter of the great Moshesh. I find myself wondering whether the veld-kornet's friends commemorated his work as worthily from the literary point of view as the people of the man he sjamboked. At any rate, the incident should remind us that, as there was another side to the heavy-handed official of the " Bushlice "—for such was the elegant soubriquet which these praises fasten upon the steadfast foretrekkers (doubtless they had others for the rooinek, and even the missionary)—so there was another side to the *ou kerel* or *schelm* to whom, as he thought, he was administering due chastisement, for complaining, on behalf of his people, of the hardness of the tasks they were set to. It will be remembered that the Boers demanded labour from the natives in return for the protection of their better arms against the raids of Moselekatse. Hence the difference of opinion. To the honour of the Dutch Church be it said that, to this day, even the independent Bakgatla of Bechwanaland retain their mission among them, in spite of their disagreement with the Dutch of the Transvaal as their political overlords.

The Praises of Kgamanyane the sjamboked run thus :

No. 4 :

Kgapetla e tlhaba-tlhabañ thata a Masoswe a Kgosiñ,	Sharp-piercing shard of the royal Masosoe (kg.'s own regiment),
o se re o tlhaba ea ekete o tlaletswe,	smite not as though in anxious uncertainty,
etswe le metlheñ, o se ke o tlallwa.	perchance sometime thou'rt anxious: be not so.
Makgalimotse o sefega sa nkwe,	Fast-striding M. with the leopard-crest (or breast),
o kgeleli ea tau,	with the lion's scar,
mogats'a Likolo a Ramontsana-tlou.	Spouse of L., Ramontsana-tlou's daughter ;
Tubá tubá ea Makhinya-khinya-khinya,	(praise-name of Kg.)
eare he le tsamaea,	When he walks,
tlhako se kgopa se senwe sa lekhinya.	One shoe strikes against the other of Lekhinya :
Lekobela le tsoga kwa leñoleñ.	but the supple knee-bender rises from the knee.

Kwa seleteñ go ñwana o monana,	Where the good land is, there's a new (born) child (*i.e.* Kg., *cp.* Pollio),
go legora le lieletsa Molefi le rago-Mojalefa.	there is the hedge to protect Molefi and the father of the Heir (*i.e.* R'lane).
E ne e-na le Ramolibe tshukulu,	The rhinoceros (Kg.) was with Ramolobe,
tshukulu ea ga ka le Ramorontse,	my rhinoceros and Ramorontse's.
eare e fitlha fa Mankwe, ea tlhapa,	When it arrived at Mankwe, it swam,
ea ja taka, ea boea ka matsogo,	it ate lime, which came up its arms,
ea ba ea boea ka likgokono,	Yes, it came even to his elbows,
tshukulu ea ga ka le Ramorontse.	(the elbows) of my rhinoceros and R.'s.
Magoapitlana, ñwana-mahulu wa ga Kgafela,	Walker like the tortoise, Ñwana-mahulu of Kgafela,
ñwana mahulu, tshaba tlhaga : O le mañ ?	Child of the tortoise, shun the dry grass, for who are you ?
O le lifako li nkwela gale,	You are the hail which has fallen on me longsyne :
tlhagana tsa marallana.	You are the small dry grass of the hills.
Motho, ke tshaba wa selepe ;	" Man, I fear him of the axe.
wa molamu ga ke mo tshabe :	him of the kerrie I fear not :
a ka re " tou," ka hunyela,	he may smite, but I pull in my head :
ka hunyella legapeñ.	I pull my head into my shell ! "

Nearly every line is crammed with allusions like the lines of a Greek chorus or a Hebrew prophet, and those who cannot follow much of them must allow for their effect. I hope, however, something of it may be given even in my rough version. It is very much that of the blessing of Judah or Benjamin in Genesis :

> Judah is a lion's whelp :
> From the prey, my son, thou art gone up :
> He stooped down, he couched as a lion,
> And as a lioness : who shall rouse him up ?
>
> Benjamin is a wolf that raveneth :
> In the morning he shall devour the prey,
> And at even, he shall divide the spoil :

or that of Joseph in Deuteronomy :

> The firstling of his bullock, majesty is his :
> And his horns are the horns of the wild ox :
> With them he shall push the peoples, all of them.

No. 5. I add the praise of Pheto, grandfather of Kgamanyane :

Ke Ramopyane a baKgatla,	I am R. of the Bakgatla,
ke tshukulu ea ga Mpheteñ : ke eme.	the rhinoceros of Mpheteng, let me be !
Pheto a Molefe, ke ratwe ke batho.	P. son of Molefe, I am loved by none
(ke ratwa ke mme Moliane) :	(save by my mother M.).
ke tshukulu ea ga Mpheteñ, ke eme.	I am the rhinoceros of Mpheteng.
Ge le sa mphete, le-tlhola-lillo,	Let me be ; if you do not pass *me* by, bringer of lamentation.
ke tlholla bomaeno go beolwa.	I do make your mothers to be shorn for grief.

The last line refers to the quaint custom by which bereaved women shave the head, as in Bible times, except for a tuft or tasselling of hair-strings from the middle of the crown, having at a short distance the effect of a football cap. The Praise concludes :

Ramopyane, o se be o tshwaetse :	R. maybe thou hast made an end (of a wounded man).
kgosi ga e tshwaele, e nna fela :	'Tis not for a chief to do so : he lets be :

(Repeat these two lines, adding ga Raseakanyo =at R.'s place ['tis so].

These of Pheto's son Pilane complete the series of three generations :

No. 6 :

(1) It is Pilane, the rock of the anvil stone, the slippery one :
Those who touch it will leave their fingers,
And that Mabine has proved.
I am Pilane that makes to war (ke P. a malosa)
The beast of Kopong and the wood of Litlhotlhe.
(Selo se mo K . . . L.)

(2) The common Folk are poking at his hole and annoying him :
The beast has been annoyed by Mmamorogoana of the Mabulisa (vassals of the baKgatla).
He is thrusting forth his head, he pecks savagely,
And returns to his place Kopong. . . .

The original runs :

(1) Ke Pilane, ke tlhapa la ntswe pilwane, ke letlhapa
le le boreleli Pilane : ba le tshware, ba tla
tlog[el]a menwana : le tshwerwe ke Mabine, a tloga meno.
(For the rest, v. *Dico*, p. 77.)

(2) Ba lintlha ba nntse ba se gwaisa, se gwaisitswe
ke Mmamorogwana oa BaMabolisa, se ne se ntsha tlhogo, se ba thObonya, se boea se boela kafa Kopoñ,
kafa Kopoopooñ, kafa Litlhotlhe. Tau makunya a ga
ba-Phalaphala, etc., as in Mr. Wookey's *Dico*, p. 78.

The last lines (from Tau . . .) may be rendered :—

The roaring lion of the flood of peoples,
Descending from the smooth rocks of the monkeys,
Roaring and hastening to divide the spoil.
When he arrived at Selitlwe,
He roared, and then silenced his voice,
This lion of the Hyenas.

(Pilane's circumcision regiment were called the Hyenas, maFiri.)

After this my informant adds :

Ñwaketse babeli bale ba kgopywa ba wa, ba kgopywa
ke ese ke be gaufi : etlare go le ke atamela Pilane,
rumo le tla nwa mali a Setate, ntsi e tla nwa
bobete, Pilane, segeñ ga Ñwaketse a Morara ntweñ.

This means :

Those two BaÑwaketse are trembling and fall before
I could be near. Now, when I Pilane approach,
the spear shall drink Setate's blood, and I Pilane,
as a fly, shall drink his gore, in a lake at the
place of Ñwaketse, descendant of Morara—in battle
(in which Pheto has sent his son P. to aid the
Bakwena. Setate is a Ngwaketse).

No. 7. Sekgatla Praises by Seatile Meshake Lebotse, praising himself :

Ke rile ka bopyoa senare, ka ba ka bopyoa setau, moroa kgosi ;
When I was formed, I was formed with the nature of the wild ox and the lion, a King's son ;

phatlana ea nna mokgeletsanyana, meritsana ea ea le litomego :
my forehead has a groove, with the hair following the cupping-mark :

ke palame kota ka bala motse ka re : " Se ga se motse, motsana.
I climbed a tree-stump, I took stock of the Stad, and said : This is no town, but a village :

Ntoa e ka tla nasuta, e ka suta : ke apere metja, ke ila lerole
War may come nigh, yea, come nigh." I put on my kilts, I shun the dust

ka makutung, ke sa gate lefatshe, ke ila le motho a nkgoma
from the feet ; nor do I kick up the earth, I shun the touch of men

ke feta, ke be ke tsitsibane, ke be ke batle go omana,
in passing, I condemn, and am apt to curse,

potepote le motho, ke mmolaee, ke mo tseela thebe.
and to chase one in and out, that I may slay him, and may take from him his shield.

Lithebe, re ne re sa li pege, re ne re li kgoagetsa feela
The shields, we never hang them up, but just within reach we hitch them,

re li pega mo mopiping. Ke nna mosimane oa Mokongoana oa Mamokoena oa Seroka.
hanging upon the pipe tree. I am the youth of M. of Mamokoena's house, the daughter of S.

(The penultimate sentence means the weapons are always ready.)

No. 8. Setoutoe's Praises of Senelo, his grandfather, who went with the *Mafiri* regiment to Ngwato (being himself a *lelima*), saying :

Ke e'o bona koa bana ba ea teng. I am going to see where they are going.

Mamalima o ja ka legetla, o ja ka perepe ea legetla. Moth'o itaea ka patla oa
Mamalima eats with a shell, she eats with a big spoon of shell. A man hits with

Malima, o othibosetse chaba, li tla be li go lemoga, baSeame ka baRatlhagana.
the stick, he of the M. (regt.) he prevents the enemies coming to gaze at him, both baS. and baR. (in B.P.).

Ba re, " A ! merafe ea Boroa e bilioa fela, e le mapshega : A ! e bilioa fela.
They say that the nations to the South (from Tvl.) are simply cowards. Ah !

(b) Ga le 'mone a Molefe (*i.e.* Senelo) : ga le mmone, o bapile le lona :
You do not see M.'s son, he is by your side :

a ea tshoga ka e le kgoelo e kgoeloga botlhatsana :
it happened, as he darted from the bush,

Mogale a phofa tsa kgaka, Mogale a liphofa,
the hero of the kgaka's wings, the guinea-fowl feathers suit him well,

li ea mo tshoanelatshoanetse, mogats'a Nketso a Kgetse. (Note the rhyme.)
the husband of N., child of Kg. (Senelo killed his cousin, also a hero : therefore called Kgoelo the darter. Both were leaders of the Matlhako.)

We pass from Lencwe's people to the Bakgatla ba Makau, between Rustenberg and Pretoria. Moewise (b. c. 1845, father of the present chief) and his brother Molikwe were sons of the old chief Leamoge, called in Dutch, for good reason, Sjambok ! (1828–88).

No. 9. Sereto sa Seamoge :

Kgomo e tshopha ke golile,	I am an ox with spots and am grown,
lilekana, ke golile, ke luma makgwata	the spots are equal, I am so big, I roar wherever I go (or hoarsely).

I insert the interpretations given locally, even when I am not satisfied with them. I also preserve spelling as given, which is often an index to dialectical phonetic.

No. 10. Molikwe's Praises:

Phekola ea sebata,	Charm of a beast,
moloko oa banna, ga te itse go leka :	I belong to virile men, I know not to attempt :
ñwana oa Matlhali ka tsa bogale,	a child of the M. regiment that came with valour,
ba nchupetsa mankwe :	a man that can fight with tigers,
ñwana kanthe kgwali kwa bosa eabo ga li fele.	child that is like a partridge in the morning when it trips along.
ke phuphutla thamaga,	I prod the red and white ox (after which one of the regts. was called).
moshemane o tswetsweñ le Moemise.	the boy that was born with M.
Phata ea likgwali ka gobala,	I was wounded (but still went on, with my wound, fighting).
phatagali likgwali ka gobala.	striped with great wounds like a partridge.

No. 11 :

Mo Thubatse motho o tswañ mo tlhake[ñ]	There at the Steelpoort River is the man that comes forth from the reeds, the reedbed
motl[h]ak'a morota wa masebutla sa limo :	of the kloof of him who can face giants :
motho wa bolabola, moloñwana wa maitsibolla :	the man talks and talks, the little mouth that talks first :
o seba ga le mmone, go sa le [le-] phetha a le tjeki.	he reproaches, but you do not see him, he is like a bead so small (you do not see it on the ground).

We now turn to the North Bakwena, and first we have the praises of Mocwasele II (killed c. 1820).

No. 12 :

Pholoholo ea Bo-tlhapa-tlou, ea noka ea Metse-motlhaba, ke e tsetlha,
The beast of the elephant-bath of the river of troubled waters is yellow,

ee metse e li matla : e tlhotse e gwelelwa ke lichaba, e gwelelwa,
whose mane is stiff : the livelong day it is shrieked at by the tribes,

e phamotse maralu. Lira tsa ga Kgari linyana ?
it seized the milch kine. Are the foes of K. (old Kg. of Nwato) few ?

a fha lira li roba magolelo,
when the foes crush the herbs,

fha temoñ ea ga Ramatokwane ?
in the garden of R. ?

Nna le boPolile re bo-ebeñ :
I. and P.'s men are in a quandary

re lebalanye :
and forget each other (? lebelanye, look at each other).

fhala le mo pineñ :
only you are in the dance :

pelo go setse go utlwagala
in the heart there still is heard

mogatlhare wa ga Tsamaa-gotlhe,
the chatterer who goes everywhere,

Raseitlhamo aKwena
Seitlhamo's sire and Kwena's son (*i.e.* Mocwasele II.).

No. 13. Praises of Sechele I, son of Mocwasele II (a plea for the reception of the baHurutse, baKgatla, etc., when fleeing from the Boers in 1852) :

Re na le motho, o Ncokencoke :	We have a man N. (the Subtle, *i.e.* Sethele).
Eare fa lekwalo le tla le befile,	If there come a letter with bad talk,
Le eene a kwale la gagwe, a re :	He also writes his letter, and says :
Tsa[e]a, o le ise, Mashologotlho,	Take it and carry, M. (S.'s old servant).
Batho se bao : a ga ba bone barwa rrabo BaHurutse ?	Here are people : don't they see their friends the BaH. ?
Batho ba ea re[ng] ba[a] noa kofi,	(There are) people who, when they drink coffee,
Ba ba nee morogo ba o nwe.	give them (baH.) dregs to drink.
Shupegetsa ba-bina-kgabo botshelo,	Show mercy to the monkey-dancers (*id.*).
Ba tle ba tshele ka wena :	That they may live by thee !
Ba go thele * madi a kgofa (ba fete mogocoana),	To bring on thee blood of the Bush-louse (*i.e.* Boer)—Let them pass the cupping bowl.
E be e re dimo a sale a ya wena nosi.	Let the cannibals (*id.*) eat thee up alone.

N.B.—The baTlokwa, baHurutse, bagaManana (sometimes ranked with the baKgatla), bagaMalete, bagaMokibilu, and baTlhako all took refuge with the baKwena under Sechele from the Boers.

No. 14. Lesike's Praises of Sebele I, fighting the Bamangwato under Macheng (soon after 1860), at Kgama's request :

Kwena matuduanye wa ga Sechele,	The diver crocodile of Sechele (fr. of Sebele),
Matuduanye wa ga rraSebogiso,	The diver of Sebogiso's sire,

* *Thela*, seKwena dialect for *tshela*, to pour (broad *e* ; with shut *e*, means to live = *phela*).

o tlhakantse batho le Matebele,	Confounded the folk, even the Matebele,
Eare ba lebile ditima-modimo,	When they beheld the Ditima-Modimo (? regiment).
A bo a e-tla a tlhaola Matebele,	He came and cut down the Matebele,
A bola[e]a, a ba latsa mmetha :	Killed them, laid them in heaps :
Ka ba ka tlhoma ke re " Kwena " :	And then, I had said " Kwena " :
Ka khutla, ka bua se sele, ka re :	I stopped and spake otherwise :
" Tsankole, pholoholo,	" Quick little jumper of a steen-bok,
Ea setlhabela-manong,	The beast the vultures stab,
Manong a a kwa Mabele-a-podi,	The vultures of Teats-of-the-goat (Mtn.),
A re a fhofha, a fhofha, a khubidu,	The red vultures, which fly, fly,
A ya thata ea ga Phometsi-a-kwena,	Which eat the power of the Unafraid (Prover of Leviathan),
Ea ga matuduanye wa ga Sechele,"	Of the diver of S.
Matuduanye wa ga rraSebogiso.	The diver of S.'s sire."
Merachwanyana ea Serowe,	O ye small tribes of S. (Kgama's present stad),
Masilo a ntshitse matlhwana a mo lebile :	M. gazed on him with all his eyes :
" Kgama e tla bona kae botshelo ? "	" The Hartebeest, how will it live ? "
E kile ea raka Kwena letsibogo :	It crossed the river before the Kwena came :
Moseya ole o mfhera,	The further side it is very narrow :
O thata :	'Tis hard :
Ba tla tshwarwa ke mfhera-mangole.	They will be caught by the knees.
Ke Nao-dintlha wa ga Mocwasele,	I am the active one of M.,
Nao-ditelele wa kgosi,	The long-footed one of the chief.
Mosii mosii wa dira,	And overtaker of the foe :
Mokgarametsege Malope (? Molope)	The forward Malope (little bird with long tail).
Metseng ea batho	In the cities of men,
Fha gare Mahutagane le Kurwe.	Among the narrow places and at K.

(Both in the east of the Bakwena country).

Batho ba tshabile tladi ea makau,	The people feared the lightning of the youths.
Ba tshabile tladi ea boMashamatse,*	They feared the lightning of the men of Mashamatse.
Pholoholo ea boGañwañwe (Seb.'s sister).	The beast of Gañwañwe's folk :
E se gadima lwa bo-Motshwane a Mmatle,	'Tis the lightning of the men of Motshwane (son of Mmatle).
La Makatapitse a ga Botshabelo.†	Of the Makatapitse regiment of the Stronghold.

* Elder brother of Baruti, Sebele's cousin. Most of the names are of members of the Bakwena royal family.

† Sechele's stad as a city of *refuge* for the tribes mentioned in No. 13, note.

Se dule se nakaletse selemela,
S'wa godimo, soo Kgosidintsi

Le Seadiñwana a Mocwasele :

Se o'le, go sa ntse go itebetswe,
Fha gare ga mebilana ea batho
Ea ga Mangwato le ea Bokalaka.
Le-fhera-batho la boKgabo le Kgakge,
La dikgosi : dikgosi boMotswane a Mmatle
Bokgaimena la Legoyane :
Nfhere wa dipholoholo le batho,
O kile o kile wa patika boTlhankane.

Bagamangwato, lo tlhasetswe eng ?
Lo tseneletswe ke'ng ?
Maemong lo tseneletswe ?
Ke le-tlhanega batho, ke kolwane la Matlhorangwe :

Sebele ke lekatapitse la (? loo) Tumagole :
Ke tlhoruñwa ea boKgari, a Sechele.

O e-tla, le-bola[e]a, le go rebola, wa ga Sechele :
O e-tla : a bola[e]a, a ba a lesa :
Ke ra[e]a, gobo a lesitse Moatswae,

A lesitse MorwaKgomo, a reboga.

Kwena, mogolole, ke ea go leboga,

Ka go bolaea le go rebola :
Kgosi o jafhile seng, wa lesa Mathubi ?
Kgosi e busa ka bana ba merafhe !

The Pleiads are out and shine,
They fall from above, they are on K.'s side,
On Seadingwana's, Mocwasele's daughter :
They fell unexpected *
Among the streets of men
In Mangwato and Karangaland.
The disappointer of Kgabo and Kgakge's men,
Of the chiefs, the chiefs of the party of Motshwane, Mmatle' sons,
Of Kgaimena and Legojane ;
One who broke both beasts and men,
and once pressed the folk of Tlhankane.

O ye Mangwatos, what attacked you?
Ye were approached by what ?
In your steads invaded ?
'Tis the Leaver-of-men-dead, 'tis the youth of the man that sits but little.
S. is a *lethubantwa* of Tumagole,

He is the rained-on grass of Kgari's men (son of Sechele).

He comes, the slayer, yet to deliver even Sechele's son :
He comes : he slew, again he spared.
I say it, in that he spared Moatswae (a Mongwato),

He spared Moatswae (son of K.), and delivered him.

Kwena, my elder brother, I thank thee,

For slaying and for sparing !
How well didst thou, chief, when thou sparedst M.
The Chief rules by the sons of the nations (spared by him).

No. 15. Another Praise of Sebele :

Mochacha mogakatsa-mala,
More mojewa-o-botlhoko :
O ka jewa ke monna a sa o itse,
O ka mo tshwara, wa mo kgobola mmele,
mere ea tla ea fela, re ee pele ;

Bitter herb, which poisoneth within,
Physick bitter in the taking :
Should it be eaten by one unknowing,
It should seize him, bruising his body,
And medicine would not suffice, though to hand,

* Is this passage connected with Donati's comet, 1858–9 ?

ha fela boshokwe le bomakgoro-metso,	Neither boshokwe nor bomakgoro-metso.
Kgomo e lela kwa Phapane, e lela e re " Sebele we ! " e tlholetse bo-Ngwato go senyeha.	The ox lows at Phapane (Hill).* It lows and says " Sebele." It caused boNgwato to be destroyed. (Oxen are the usual native *casus belli*.)
Me a thutlwa tse ke tsa molapo wa Sehoka ? a di neilwe Phoka ? Ga di tshwarwe, le ha kgomo tsa bangwe di tla tshaba, di tlogele marole mo tlotleng.	Are yon giraffes those of Sefoka' vley ? Have they been given to Phoka ? Nay, they are not to be caught, Even if the cattle of others flee, And leave their calves in the ruins.

No. 16. Yet another Praise of Sebele :

Mashweu-shweu ao a ya (ao) tlou tsa Mothathe, masepela phalo :	Those white men are eating up The elephants of M. They are those who outstrip in their going,
Tlou li kile tsa etela Sebele, eo o Sechele ; o tsetsoe[g]o fhenya lichaba ; re raea ka a fhetlha Mokmakaneñ ; le ga maNwato, o tla go fhitlha : me eare fha kgomo tsabo li gapiloe, a bile, a samile cheka, Mogats' a Motshipi.	The elephants paid a visit to Sebele, Sechele's son. He was born to rout the nations. We mean because he pierced to M. and at maNgwato shall he arrive : and when their cattle are taken, he made a war-axe his pillow, that spouse of M. (? Sebele I.'s wife).

No. 17. Leboko la ga Mpelege (by himself on his deeds in the Kwena-Kgatla War, '75–9) :

Batho ba yelwe ke Hauhau-koma :	Men are eaten by Hauhau (*i.e.* with a crackling of bones)—'tis a secret :
Ba yelwe ke tlhone rea tlhabana. Ka erile re se na ho tlhabana ntwa, ra ba ra tlhonama ra nna fela. Tloga, o ba abe, morwa Mocwasele, o ba abe, O ba abe le makau : sefofatlele se leka macomane. O pelo-kgale, ñwana wa ga Mmopi : O pelo-kgale, o tla digela batho. Ke mmonye ka ntwa ea ha Kgafela.	They are eaten by sadness as we fight. When we had fought our war, we were sad and sat still. Arise, O son of Mocwasele, and marshal them with the youths : a swift one (*i.e.* Mpelege) tries the race. He is patient, the child of Mmopi : He is patient, he shall lay men low. I have seen him in the war with the Kgafela.
O digetse banna ba le bantsi : Tsela-e-mang o re, leke a mo etsa, A tla a tsena mo ganong g'a dilo, g'a di-ya-batho. (Ke khutla foo Mpelege.)	Surely he hath laid low many men : T. saith he will try to do likewise, and get him into the mouth of the beasts, of the man-eaters. (The words of Mpelege are ended.)

* Close to Pilane siding.